

October fic collection

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October fic collection

by [Niceven \(Nicevensilace\)](#).

Summary

I decided to try (key word) to complete a list for October but because there are so many of them I've decided to pick and choose between Goretober and Kinktober lists. Because why not. I will be listing the tags associated with the days and prompts in the chapter summaries, so if anyone does not like something associated with that chapter you can skip it :)

Day 1: Goretober-Nosebleed

Day 2: Kinktober- Biting/Marking

Day 3: Goretober- Ritualistic Sacrifice

Day 4: Goretober- Improper wound care

Day 5: Goretober- Possession

Day 6: Kinktober- Public

Day 7: Kink and Gore combo- Shibari/broken bones

Day 8: Kinktober- Somnophilia/Sleepy

Day 9: Goretober- Brain Trauma

Notes

This has not been beta'd all mistakes are my own, so sorry about that. I hope you enjoy

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

No One Wins With a Headbutt

Chapter Summary

Day1: Gore- Nosebleeds (Tags: broken nose, nosebleed, Will gets his nose broken, gentle Hannibal)

Will had been the one to cuff the suspect at the back of the house and was in the process of reading him his rights when the guy had leaned forward and reared back, head butting him right in the nose. A sickening crunch sounded at the impact and Will found himself dazed, and in pain. His eyes blurred with tears and the suspect jerked away from him, hoping to make a quick escape only to be tackled to the ground by a uniformed officer ten feet away.

Blinking away tears, Will made sure that the officer had everything under control and headed to the front of the house to where he had last seen Bev and Price. He hoped one of them would have an aspirin on them, because his nose hurt and he could feel the tendrils of an oncoming headache building up behind his eyes.

He rounded the side of the house and could see the many police and emergency vehicles that had invaded the residential neighborhood, and next to Jack's SUV was Bev. She stood beside the open passenger door talking with another team member and was saved from having to talk to anyone else when Bev dismissed them after seeing him walk towards them.

"You alright there Graham?" She called out "Oh shit your bleeding! He must have got you good when he tried to run."

"Yeah, I'm fine. How did you know about that?" He asked while reaching up to wipe at his nose, and found that he was in fact bleeding.

"I heard the chatter over the radio." Bev smirked. "Come here, lets get you cleaned up."

Will huffed out a sigh and leaned against the side of SUV and let Bev clean him up. He made sure to speak with Jack once Bev deemed him presentable, reassuring him that he was fine and would be in tomorrow to write his report about the arrest. By the time he made it home, his face was throbbing and his head hurt. All he wanted to do was sleep and forget this unfortunate day had ever happened. After making sure the dogs were fed and settled for the night, he did precisely that and as began to drift off he remembered his appointment with Hannibal was the next day.

I hope I don't look too awful tomorrow.

He definitely looked awful. Will stared at his reflection in the bathroom at Quantico and frowned. His eyes had blackened and his nose was swollen, causing the upper part of his face

to look puffy. He huffed out a sigh and left the bathroom, he had run in there after his last lecture when he noticed that his nose had started to bleed again. He had cleaned up and stuffed some tissues in his nostrils and deemed it fine enough to head over to his appointment.

He arrived at the Hannibal's office with a few minutes to spare. Removing the tissues from his nose and gave himself a quick once over to make sure that he hadn't gotten blood on his shirt or anywhere on his face. Deeming himself acceptable he left the comfort of his car and headed into the building.

Hannibal greeted him with a small smile that faltered and turned to a look of concern as he took in Will's bruised and swollen face.

"Good evening Will, please come in." Hannibal greeted and stood back as to allow Will to pass through in to the office before him.

"Good evening Dr. Lecter," Will replied giving a tired smile to Hannibal as he walked into the office and made his way over to the chairs.

"Will before we begin, would you permit me to take a look at your injuries? Hannibal asked Will had a chance to sit.

"Uh yeah, I mean if you want." Will said with a shrug.

"I would like to, yes. Please sit down on the chaise, I will be right there." Hannibal nodded to the barely used piece of furniture as he removed his suit coat and hung it over the back of his office chair.

Will did as he was told and sat on the chaise. Hannibal joined him a moment later, sitting down next to him.

"If you could turn and face me please."

Instead of responding Will turned and tilted his face upwards. Not really knowing where to look, he settled on looking at Hannibal's mouth as he lifted his and gently applied pressure around the bridge of his nose and other areas of his face.

Will closed his eyes against the dual sensations of pain and the soft feather light touch of Hannibal's fingers as they skimmed cross the bridge of his nose and under his eyes. Will heard Hannibal give a soft hum of disapproval as he appraised the damage to his nose.

"I am sure you are already aware that your nose is broken. May I inquire as to how it happened?" Hannibal asked as he pulled back, removing his hands from Will's face.

Will leaned forward as Hannibal pulled away and immediately missed the soft touch of Hannibal's hands. Blushing lightly he hoped that Hannibal hadn't noticed notice. He opened his eyes and found Hannibal staring at him.

Yeah he noticed, damnit.

“A suspect headbutted me in a poor attempt to get away,” he shrugged “It’s not the first time.”

Hannibal nodded in understanding. “Have you had any recurring nosebleeds since it happened?”

“Yeah a few. I should probably go get that checked out huh?” Will intoned glumly, not looking forward to spending the rest of his evening in the waiting room of the ER.

“It would be wise.” Hannibal agreed before glancing to his watch and then Will thoughtfully. “If you would like, I can accompany you to the emergency room. There are still a few nurses that I worked with who are on shift tonight, it might speed things along.”

Will’s eyes widened in surprise and he smiled at Hannibal’s willingness to give up the rest of his evening to be with him. “Yeah I would like that.”

Claimed

Chapter Summary

Day 2- Kink Biting/Marking (Tags: Biting, Making out, Love bites, Established relationship)

He wasn't sure how exactly they had ended up making out on the large sofa in Hannibal's living room instead of upstairs on the king sized bed in Hannibal's bedroom. That was a lie, he knew exactly how they had ended up half naked and grinding against each other like teenagers. Hannibal's pristine unmarked neck was the reason.

The night had started with dinner and wine, and then dessert and more wine. They had then retired to the living room where Hannibal had lit the fireplace and offered him another drink before they both retired for the evening. He had already told Hannibal he was staying the night, so why not? They had been sitting next to each other discussing something, will couldn't really remember what, when he found himself staring at the strip of skin the would peak out from beneath Hannibal's collar everything the man would shift in his seat.

The thought entered his head quickly and wouldn't leave. He imagined kissing and sucking marks onto the pristine flesh, marking and claiming as his. He found himself leaning forward unconsciously, invading Hannibal's space no longer paying attention to what he was saying. Close enough that he could smell the woody scent of the expensive cologne that Hannibal wore. The thought of finding out if Hannibal tasted as good as he smelled was enough to make his blood rush south. He hadn't realized he had closed his eyes until he felt Hannibal shift next to him.

"Is there something you would like Will?" Hannibal teased, his breath caressing Will's lips with how close he had gotten.

Will didn't think, he surged forward meeting Hannibal's lips with his own, surprising the other man. Hannibal remained stiff against him for a half a second before he began to reciprocate. Encouraged, Will licked across Hannibal's lips, seeking entrance and Hannibal opened his mouth willingly. Eagerly Will traced the Hannibal's teeth and tongue with his own before pulling away and kissing Hannibal's jaw and down his neck to the spot that had been tantalizing him all evening. Hannibal tilted his head back giving him greater access and hummed in pleasure as Will sucked the flesh between his lips. Pulling back he admired the red mark he had left on his lover, he knew it would darken to a lovely bruise and Hannibal would have to wear a higher collar in order to hide it. The thought of other people seeing his mark on Hannibal made him growl with pleasure.

"Do you like to see me covered in your marks, Will?" Hannibal panted out

“You know I do.” Will smiled with his teeth. “I like knowing that I have claimed you, and that no one else can have you.” He murmured against Hannibal’s neck, biting lightly to reassert his point.

Autumn Offerings

Chapter Summary

Day 3: Gore- Ritualistic Sacrifice (Tags: Animal sacrifice, sacrifice, Wendigo, hunting, Rituals)

Will stood just outside circle he had drawn in the forest floor, the deer he had shot next to him at his feet. He had spent the day hunting and preparing for this but something felt off. He had never had a problem doing this before, but for some reason this time felt different. It felt as if something was watching him from the cover of the trees around him, but he was not going to let it deter him. He intended to finish his sacrifice and return home as he had been doing for years, even if he was cutting it close this time. He had been sick and in the hospital with encephalitis, unable to come out to the woods behind his little farm house and leave his gift to the creature who roamed his woods and kept him and the dogs safe.

The sun was setting, he needed to do this now. Kneeling next to the stag he pulled out his hunting knife and plunged it into the animals belly, gutting it and spilling it's entrails to the dirt and grass. Will watched as the red blood on his hands began to darken in the dying sun. The sight of it mesmerizing. With a sigh he refocused on the task at hand and plunged his hand into the stag, and once he locating the heart, he used his other hand to cut it free and pulled it out. Cradling the heart in his hand he stepped into the circle and placed the heart in the center as the light from the sun disappeared below the horizon. Using his hunting knife he made a small cut on his arm and let the blood flow down onto the heart. The air around him felt charged and heavy as he completed the ritual, turning he walked back to the edge of the circle.

He hurried from the circle and bent down to pick up his hunting rifle that he had placed on the other side of the stag. It was as he straightened up that the feeling of being watched intensified. Will refused to look behind him, instead he began his trek back to his house. Only when he was in the open field and the lights from his home were in view did he turn and look back. There in the tree line the large antlered creature with a mans face watched him. It nodded to him before vanishing back into the trees. Will sighed in relief, he and his dogs would be safe again until spring.

Infected

Chapter Summary

Day 4: Gore- Improper Wound Care (Tags Post-Episode: s03e13 The Wrath of the Lamb, on the run, stab wounds, improper wound care, infected wound, mentions of gunshot wounds, mentions of facial wounds, stitches)

Chapter Notes

As always, not beta-ed

It had been a week since they had pulled themselves from the frigid waters of the sea. The two of them had managed to stay alive despite Will's best attempt to kill them both. Neither one of them had broached the subject just yet, they were too busy tending to their many wounds and keeping one step ahead of Jack and the FBI. Though last Will had heard, the FBI were ending the search and considering the two of them dead, their bodies lost at sea. He had heaved a sigh of relief before helping Hannibal redress his gunshot wound, tuning out the rest of the news report coming from the old tube TV on the other side of their shitty hotel room they had hunkered down in for the night.

Hannibal was worse off, wound wise, of the two of them. So Will had made it his goal to make sure that the majority of their stolen antibiotics and pain meds went to him. Will dealt with his wounds by himself after letting Hannibal look at his stitch up his cheek, refusing to let Hannibal exert himself more than necessary to help him with his stab wounds. Though if he was being honest with himself, it probably wasn't the best idea he had had.

Alone in the dingy bathroom he carefully removed his shirt and gingerly peeled away the gauze from his shoulder. He was pretty sure that the stab wound to his shoulder was infected. The flesh around the wound was red and inflamed, he could feel heat radiating from it as he gingerly poked at it with prying fingers.

Frowning to himself, he resolved to take a couple doses of antibiotics before remembering that they only had enough to last Hannibal for the next couple of days. Sighing, Will taped the gauze back in place, not bothering to put any ointment on it and ambled out of the bathroom to check on Hannibal. He would deal with it later.

Possessed

Chapter Summary

Day 5: Gore- Possession (Tags: Magic, spells, Demon Hannibal, Possession, Demonic Possession, Possessed Will)

Will flipped through the old spell book that had been found on the floor at the crime scene. Beverly had suspected that the victim had been messing around with a blood ritual and tried to summon a demon of some sorts, given the circle the vic and been found in and the blood splatter found everywhere in the room.

“It’s idiots like these who give magic users a bad name. Everyone knows you don’t mess with blood magic.” Price had huffed out as he photographed the scene.

“Yeah, I guess they figured it was worth the payoff.” Bev intoned from across the room

“Apparently not,” Will murmured, glancing up from the page to look at the body on the floor. “I guess whatever they had been trying to summon, found whatever was being offered offensive, so it disposed of them.

“Yeah, but what was being offered that the demon found so offensive and where is the demon now?” Zeller asked, looking up from his collected samples of the blood from next to the corpse.

“I don’t know.” Will answered, as he felt a chill run down his spine.

It was later that night as Will sat on the floor of his living room, having locked his dogs outside, that he allowed himself to address the presence that had followed him home from the crime scene.

“What is it that you want?” He asked to the open air, not being able to see what exactly he was speaking too. The room grew cold as the being made itself known.

“I want many things Mr. Graham, but that is not the question you wanted to ask.” The accented voice seemed to echo around the room. Will shivered, as he felt the cold press closer to him.

“Why did you kill the one who summoned you?” Will asked, his breath fogging the air as his spoke.

“Because they were not worthy of me.” The being caressed Will’s face and he closed his eyes and leaned into the invisible touch. “But you are, if you will let me.”

“Yes,” Will whispered, throwing all caution out the window. He had no idea what this being was, or what it would do to him, but he did not care.

Will was pushed back so that he was lying on the floor, and the last thing he felt before he blacked out was what felt like lips pressing against his own.

When Will woke he was standing in his kitchen at the stove holding a pan and getting ready to turn on the burner.

“What...what happened did I lose time?” He asked aloud, not really expecting an answer, and was so startled when a smooth accented voice replied that he dropped the pan.

“You did not lose time Will, I have simply been in control.” The voice from before answered, only now it seemed to become from in his head.

“Who are you, and why are you in my head?” Will asked shakily, not sure if this was a dream or not.

“My name is Hannibal, and you my dear Will, are my host.” Will felt his lips curl into a smile as Hannibal once again took control of his body.

“Oh.” Will managed to get out before he let himself sit back and let Hannibal use his body for his own.

Fun at the Opera

Chapter Summary

Day 6: Kinktober- Public

Tags:

Established Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter, Hannibal Lecter is a Cannibal, Will Graham Knows, Hannibal Lecter is the Chesapeake Ripper, Public Sex, Opera, Voyeurism

Chapter Notes

The rating for this has finally changed to explicit because of this chapter so yeah...

It has been a month since Will and Hannibal have been able to spend time together. Hannibal has been leaving love notes in the form of Ripper kills for him, and while Will is flattered, he is getting annoyed with the amount of yelling Jack has been doing in response. Tonight, he means to change that. Will is determined to spend some time with Hannibal, prior obligations be damned.

Hannibal had told him of his plans to attend a showing of La Traviata at the opera this evening. Thankfully, Will had attended enough performances with Hannibal that the staff recognized him and simply waved as he made his way to Hannibal's private box.

Will smiled to himself at the thought of Hannibal's reaction to seeing him in the darkened box. While the opera was not on his top ten list of things he enjoyed doing, it was for Hannibal, and knowing how happy being here would make him was enough for Will. Will paused at the end of the hallway just before the box entrance to run a hand through his hair and ineffectively attempt to smooth out the wrinkles in his suit pants. Strains of music filtered its way through the halls, letting him know that Hannibal would be absorbed. Taking a steadying breath, he made his way into the box, only to find it empty. Frowning, Will stuck his head outside to check the number on the wall to confirm this was the right box.

Damnit. Something must have come up. It's not like Hannibal to miss the opera, especially once he has made plans to be here. Will thought as he retreated to one of the chairs in the box and sat down.

Sighing, he slumped back and closed his eyes, figuring he might as well listen for a little bit, so not to have wasted the trip. The music was at a crescendo when a hand pressed over his mouth and he felt warm breath on his ear. His eyes flew open and he tried to jerk away from the person behind him.

“Hush mylimasis, we wouldn't want to disturb the others in attendance”, Hannibal whispered in Will's ear, as he laid his other hand on Will's chest.

Will relaxed instantly, knowing that if Hannibal had meant him harm it would have happened already.

“Beautiful boy, did you come here to surprise me?” Hannibal continued to whisper as he slowly stroked his hand down Will's torso, coming to a stop just above the growing bulge in Will's pants. Will nodded and whimpered behind Hannibal's palm as Hannibal began to caress him through his pants.

“Such a lovely surprise should be rewarded. Unbutton your pants for me my dear and take yourself out. I wish to see you.”

Will did so without a second thought, and sucked in a breath as his cock was exposed to the cool air. Hannibal hummed in appreciation before taking him in hand and slowly stroked him. He glanced around at the other boxes around them, and found that no one was paying attention to them, their focus on the stage. A thrill went through him at the possibility of someone looking over and seeing what was going on. Will being held and kept quiet, while Hannibal slowly stroked his cock.

“Do you like knowing that at any moment someone could look over and see you, Will? Watch me bring you to the edge, to the peak of pleasure and have you spill all over my hand.”

Will moaned, thankful that Hannibal's palm was covering his mouth, and his eyes fluttered shut as he lost himself to the fantasy of others watching him instead of the performance.

“Do you think you can remain quiet if I remove my hand?” Hannibal questioned lightly.

Will nodded in confirmation and Hannibal released his mouth and slowly caressed him, down his neck to his chest, stopping to tweak at Will's nipples. Will arched into Hannibal's touch and let out a small quiet gasp as the hand on his cock sped up and Hannibal leaned down and licked at his pulse. He was so close, he could feel warmth pooling in his belly

“Hannibal please!” He begged softly.

“My darling boy, I've got you.” Hannibal purred in his ear before nipping it. “Open your eyes Will,” He commanded.

Will's eyes flew open and he saw a woman in the box across from them was watching. He came with an intense shudder and the woman across the way smirked and lifted her wine glass to them before returning her attention to the stage. Hannibal took out his handkerchief and quickly cleaned Will and tucked him back into his pants before placing a gentle kiss against his temple.

“Would you like to leave and join me at my home?” He asked as the music around them came to a close and the lights came on signaling intermission.

“Yes, Hannibal. Take me home.”

It's not fair damnit!

Chapter Summary

Day 7: Kink/Gore combo- Shibari/Broken Bones

Will is needy and grumpy because Hannibal wont give him what he wants.

Tags: Needy Will Graham, Gentle Dom Hannibal, Broken Bones (mentioned), Shibari (mentioned)

Chapter Notes

Duuuudddeee moving sucks and put a real damper on my writing, so here is day 7 waaayy late.

Will glared at Hannibal from across the room and when the man refused to acknowledge his staring, he turned his angry gaze down to his leg. Said leg which was currently covered in a cast from his hip to his toes and propped up on the sofa where he sat in Hannibal's study. His damn leg! It wasn't his fault that some idiot decided to run the red light and crash into him, totalling his car, breaking his leg and banging him up in the process. But Hannibal didn't care.

It had been a week since the accident and Hannibal had been pampering and taking care of him. And as much as Will enjoyed being taken care of, it didn't scratch that itch that he had to be tied up and used. It didn't help that he had been on his way to Hannibal's for a planned scene when the crash happened. So he was overdue for the release and feeling that the ropes and Hannibal's direction provided.

Since the accident and his injuries, Hannibal refused to do anything that required any sort of strain. Yes, he was happy take care of him, but getting a hand job just wasn't the same. He craved the way the ropes slid across his skin as Hannibal secured them. The way that they helped to create a feeling of security as he completely gave himself over to Hannibal and his whims, trusting him to know what he needed. Will was so desperate for it, he had insisted that he would be perfectly fine if Hannibal only tied up his arms and torso, like a harness or just something. But no.

Hannibal was well aware of what he wanted, but he refused to put any strain on him. While Will was very much aware that Hannibal was being smart and responsible, taking care to not

injure him further unnecessarily; It didn't mean he liked it. So here he sat glaring and hating the fact that his leg was broken.

He huffed out a loud sigh and winced as he shifted, causing pain to radiate through his leg, but he refused to admit to Hannibal that he was in pain and needed some more meds. So instead he continued to glare at the cast that was keeping him from what he wanted.

"You are quite adorable when you pout Will."

Will could hear the smirk in Hannibal's voice and it irritated him to no end. "I am not pouting," He huffed out, refusing to look over at Hannibal.

"Will I understand that you are upset," Hannibal explained as he stood from his chair and walked over to the sofa. "But I can not and will not put you in a position that could possible cause you more pain or injure you further." Hannibal leaned down as he ran his fingers through Will's curls.

Will leaned into Hannibal's touch, letting himself relax, some of his built up tension melting away with the pull of Hannibal's fingers through his hair.

"I know. It doesn't mean I'm happy about it."

Sleepy

Chapter Summary

Day 8: Kink- Somnophilia/Sleepy
Will doesn't care how tired he is.

Tags: established relationship, sleepy Will, Hannibal has plans, kinda fluffy

Chapter Notes

this one is really short and I am thinking of expanding on it at a later time, cause Hanni has plans. :)

Will blinked awake at the sensation of the mattress dipping as Hannibal got in beside him. Lifting his head, he squinted through the darkness at the alarm clock and saw that it was 1:12 in the morning.

“Mm hey,” Will mumbled sleepily as he rolled over and snuggled into Hannibal’s side.

“I apologize for waking you mylimasis,” Hannibal whispered into Will’s curls as he wrapped his arm around Will’s shoulder, pulling him closer.

“That’s alright, I don’t mind. I was hoping you would come to bed sooner, I missed you.” Will emphasized as he ground against Hannibal’s hip lazily. The long hours Jack had him working had finally taken its toll on him, causing him to fall asleep at the reasonable hour of 9:00 p.m. He had hoped to spend some time with Hannibal, considering it had been over a week since they had spent any time together and Despite his tiredness he was determined to have sex, even if he fell asleep doing it.

Hannibal smirked and reached down, cupping Will’s growing hardness. He was well aware of Will’s frustration, he had also been experiencing larger levels of irritation at Uncle Jack for all of the stress that he had been heaping on Will. He stroked Will’s cock through his thin boxers, eliciting a sleepy moan from the dozing man. Hannibal watched Will’s face and could see him fighting against the pull of sleep. He removed his hand and ran his fingers lightly across Will’s cheek.

“Will my love, sleep. I will still be here in the morning when you wake.”

Will grumbled sleepily in a half hearted attempt of protest before burying his face into Hannibal's neck. With in seconds was asleep, his breath soft and even against Hannibal's skin. Hannibal smiled and ran his hand through Will's curls he had plans for his waking his boy in the morning and he could not wait.

Car Accident

Chapter Summary

Will gets into a car accident

Chapter Notes

Day 9: Goretober- Brain trauma

So I wasn't really sure where to go with this prompt so I figured that concussions fell under the brain trauma category. Not beta-d and its probably awful so sorry about that.

Tags: Injured Will Graham, Car accident, concussion

His head was throbbing. Every movement sent a wave of nausea through him. He had thrown up twice and had been dry heaving now for the past five minutes. He was forced to keep his eyes shut, because just looking around caused extreme dizziness. He wasn't sure what exactly had happened, the last thing he remembered was driving home from his evening appointment with Hannibal and then he woke up here in the dirt on the side of the road.

Taking a steadying breath, he forced himself to open his eyes and look around. His car was an upside down mangled mess of steel and glass five feet away from him; headlights on and engine somehow still running. Will tried to move towards his car, only to have his vision black out at his first attempt at movement. Slumping back down onto the ground caused more pain to radiate throughout his head and body. He was just thankful that he could feel that everything hurt.

What happened? How did I end up outside of the car? Help!

He tried desperately to remember if his where his phone was, and weakly searched his coat pockets with his right hand only to find that his shoulder was dislocated, and every movement caused his shoulder to scream in pain.

“FUCK!” He croaked out and switched to his other hand and locate his phone. He held it up so he could see it, and squinted at the bright screen as it lit up. Thankfully it still seemed to be working, despite the multiple cracks in the screen. He was not sure if it was due to his head injury of the phone being damaged that the words on the screen were blurred, but he tried his best to locate Hannibal's number and dialed.

Closing his eyes to stave off the spinning feeling get got looking around, he held the phone up to his ear and listened as the phone rang.

“Hello Will,” Hannibal’s voice answered and it sounded like heaven.

“Hannibal...Help” Will managed to croak out before another wave of nausea overtook him and he had to turn his head to vomit. Slitting his eyes open he could see there was no one else on the road. If Hannibal didn’t come soon he was pretty sure he was going to die out here.

“Will are you alright? Where are you?” Hannibal asked, Will could hear him moving on the other end, he hoped that meant he was on his way.

“Car accident, I’m laying on the side of the road. Hannibal something is wrong...my head.” Will managed to slur out before blackness over.

“Will? Will are you there?” Hannibal asked as he rushed out to his car, keys in hand. When he got no response he ended the call and threw the phone in the passenger seat beside him and started the car. He headed in the direction of Will’s home, taking the route he knew that Will tended to drive. He was not sure what he was expecting to find, but judging from the time he had received the phone call from Will, he couldn't have made it further than 15 miles away.

Hannibal switched his headlights over to high beams as soon as he was outside the city limits and carefully scanned the road, searching for any signs of a wreck, or Will. Time past slowly, as he strained to search the deserted road in the dark, the light from his car only able to help so much. Hannibal was accutly aware of every minute that passed spent not finding Will, he was concerned about the extent of Will’s injuries, especially since Will’s speech had been slurred and less than coherent. Hannibal knew that Will had passed out while trying to talk to him, he could only hope that Will was not losing blood, and that he would find him soon.

He slowed to drive around a sharp curve when he saw brake lights shining in a copse of trees at the edge of the road. Will’s volvo was totalled. He immediately pulled off the road and parked the car and was out running towards the front of the wreck looking for Will.

He found him five feet from the wreckage, unconscious and bleeding. Kneeling he pulled out a flashlight and did a cursory check to make sure he was still breathing and that none of Will’s limbs were broken. He found that Will’s right shoulder was dislocated, but that was easily fixed. Breathing out a sigh of relief that there wasn't any sign of any compound fractures, he began to try and wake Will. If he had a severe head injury, the longer he was unconscious for, the worse it would be.

“Will, Will I need you to wake up.” He exclaimed while gently shaking Will’s left shoulder.

Will let out a pained groan, his eyes fluttering open. Hannibal angled the flashlight so that the beam fell across Will’s face and he could get a better look at Will’s eyes.

“Han..Hannibal.” Will managed to groan out, his words slow as he lifted his left arm to cover his eyes.

“Yes I am here Will,” Hannibal soothed, trying to comfort Will as best he could. “ And I know that you are in pain but I need you to look at me please.”

Will uncovered his eyes and did his best to look at Hannibal, but the light from the flashlight hurt his head, and it was hard to get his eyes to focus on anything.

“Hannibal I can’t it hurts,” he slurred out and closed his eyes “I’m tired.”

“I know Will, I need you to stay awake for me, you most likely have a severe concussion, or possibly something worse.” Hannibal explained as he pulled out his cell phone and dialed 911. He quickly gave the information over to the operator, explaining where they were and that there was a motor vehicle crash with injuries and an ambulance was needed. He hung up the phone and continued to talk to Will in order to keep him conscious until the ambulance arrived.

End Notes

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